The Ebensburg Alleghanian.

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I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—Henry Clay.

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JAMES J. LLOYD, Successor of R. S. Bunn, Dealer in DRUGS AND MEDICINES, PAINTS, OILS AND DYE-STUFFS, PERFUMERY AND FANCY ARTICLES, PURE WINES AND BRANDIES FOR MEDICINAL PURPOSES, PATENT MEDICINES, &c. Also: ... Cap, and Note Papers, Pens, Pencils, Superior Ink, and other articles kept by Druggists generally. Physicians' prescriptions carefully compounded. Office on Main Street, opposite the Mountain House, Ebensburg, Pa. [jan24

DENTISTRY. The undersigned, Graduate of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Ebensburg. He has spared no means to thoroughly acquaint himself with every improvement in his art. To many years of personal experience, he has sought to add the [illegible] experience of the highest authorities in Dental Science. He simply asks that an examination may be given for his work to [illegible] own praise. SAMUEL BELFORD, D. D. S. References: Prof. C. A. Harris; T. E. Bond, [illegible]; A. A. Blandy, P. H. Austen, of the Baltimore College. Will be at Ebensburg on the fourth [illegible] of each month, to stay one week. January 24, 1867.

LLOYD & CO., Bankers— Ebensburg, Pa. Gold, Silver, Government Loans and other Securities bought and sold. Interest allowed on Time Deposits. Collections made on all accessible points in the United States, and a General Banking Business transacted. January 24, 1867.

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"THE ALLEGHANIAN" PRINTING OFFICE. [illegible] E. Hughes & Co.'s Store [illegible] stairs, third story.

The Old Folks.

Ah, don't be sorrowful, darling,
And don't be sorrowful, pray;
Taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more night than day.

'Tis rainy weather, my darling—
Time's waves, they heavily run;
But taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more cloud than sun.

We are old folks now, my darling,
Our heads are growing gray;
But taking the year all round, my dear,
You will always find the May.

We have had our May, my darling,
And our roses, long ago;
And the time of year is coming, my dear,
For the silent night and snow.

And God is God, my darling,
Of night as well as of day,
And we feel and know that we can go
Wherever He leads the way.

Aye, God of the night, my darling—
Of the night of death so grim;
The gate that leads out of life, good wife,
Is the gate that leads to Him.

Mr. Harrison.

I certainly thought he was "out of his head." He had such peculiar ways, and said such peculiar things; and he went about as if he was in a somnambulic state almost; that is, I don't quite mean that, but he never seemed to take the same notice of what happened about him that other men do. And, as to his ever being surprised at anything, I never knew him to show surprise on but one occasion of his life. What that occasion was, I shall mention before I have done.

His name was Joseph Harrison, and he was a student at the academy in Sanford—one of the style of academies that seem to have nearly gone out of date now, where both sexes were taught under the same roof. I attended the Sanford school. The principal's house was on the corner across the way from the academy, and he boarded a dozen students. I was one of these boarders.

I shall never forget the day Mr. Harrison came to the house to board. I was sitting on the second floor piazza, studying. It was late in a summer afternoon. As he entered the gate, I leaned over to look at him, and when he was just underneath I chanced to drop my book. It struck him on the shoulder, and from thence fell to the ground. He turned and looked at it quietly, and then poked it aside with his big cane.

What does he carry that big cane for? thought I, or why don't he pick up my book, or look up at me, or do anything that a rational being would?

He rang the bell, and I saw no more of him till tea-time. He sat directly opposite me at the table. Would you believe it, he never looked at me—not, indeed, at any one else, it seemed—which was the reason, perhaps, why I looked at him more than I ever did at any other young man in my life—in the same length of time.

After tea we gathered in the parlor, as we were in the habit of doing, and he was introduced to me. He bowed, and then for the first time he looked at me, or rather he looked through me, as if he saw something behind me and my head were as transparent as glass. Then he smiled and turned away.

I confess I was provoked at the manner of the young man. What amused him, I should like to know. When Belle Harrison asked me afterward how I liked her cousin, I said I didn't like him at all.

Somebody asked me to sing. I seated myself at the piano, and gave a song in my best manner. My voice was good, and I had received the best musical culture. What mysterious influence was at work upon me, I did not know; for if ever I thoroughly disliked a person in my life, I certainly disliked this Harrison. But it is true, notwithstanding, that I sang for him; and when I turned away from the piano, it was with some special curiosity I anticipated his comments, if he chose to make any, or his manner or meaning, if he chose to hold his tongue.

If you will believe it, the man was looking at a painting on the wall—looking at it standing up, with his back to the company! Was there ever such a clown!

"What is the name of that beautiful song?" asked Orville Redway, a young man from the village, who had been invited to tea, and now sat with us in the parlor.

I told him.

"I must have it," said he; "it is exquisite." And he took out his lead pencil to write on a card the name of the piece. He broke the point of his lead pencil.

"Will some one lend me a knife?" he asked; "I have left mine."

Mr. Harrison heard the question, tho' he was still looking at the painting, and produced a large pocket-knife, which he handed to Mr. Redway.

"It's very sharp," said he; "be very careful."

The first thing Redway did was to cut his hand. The blood spirted out in jets. He turned pretty white, but just gathered his hand in his handkerchief, and said, "it was a mere scratch and of no great consequence."

"Beg your pardon, sir," Mr. Harrison spoke—"it is of some consequence. You will lose your life if you don't look out. I'll fix you."

He took his own handkerchief and tied it loosely around Redway's arm. Then he took his knife, shut it carefully, put it under the handkerchief next to the arm, and began to twist it about. As the handkerchief tightened on the arm, the blood ceased to flow.

"Send for a doctor," said Mr. Harrison.

"A doctor!" exclaimed Redway. "Is not this a good deal of fuss over a little cut?"

"A little cut," said Mr. Harrison; "when you cut an artery, it's a big cut."

Dr. Miner was three doors off, and he came in a few minutes. He expressed great approbation of young Harrison's conduct.

Young Harrison, as unconcerned as a post, had returned to his inspection of the painting he seemed to admire so much. Mr. Redway went off with the doctor.

The knife lay on the table. Out of pure impudence, or some similar feeling, I took up this knife, and accidentally cut the end of one of my fingers. I screamed loudly, for it was a horrid wound, and the blood flowed copiously.

"Well, upon my word," remarked Mr. Harrison, "here's another."

Another! How contemptuous the word sounded to me. I, Margaret Bailey Monroe, confessed a belle, a beauty, and a lady of rare accomplishments, besides being heiress to a hundred thousand dollars. I was just "another!" Why didn't he call me a person, and have done with it. Well, what would he do with my frightful wound?

"Mix a little flour and put it on. That will stop the bleeding. It is a mere trifle."

It may have been a trifle, but it was enough to make me swoon. Or perhaps I swooned out of downright vexation at the man.

When I recovered, he was gone. Bye-and-bye, when Bella and I were alone—we roomed together—I asked her what Harrison said and did when I fainted.

"He said," Bella answered, "lay her hand on her back and leave her alone."

"Is that all he said?"

"No, not quite. Some one brought the flour and salt, and he put some on your finger and said: 'There, tie the rag around it.'"

A rag!

I should certainly hate this young man. After that, he became such an object of interest to me that I could scarcely keep my mind off him an hour at a time.

I was not long in learning something of his history. It seems that a love of adventure sent him on a cruise around the world, when he was a boy of about sixteen, both his parents being dead. He had been absent from his native country four years without interruption, and on his return had decided to go to the academy a short time, to correct a certain lack in his education. This explained why a man of his advanced age should be attending school, for he was twenty-one if he was a day, Bella assured me. I myself was about seventeen. I was the only female student of German in the academy, and it was on that account that Mr. Harrison manifested some degree of interest in me, I suppose, for he was almost enthusiastic in his admiration of that scholastic tongue. So I saw a good deal of him after all.

The following winter, at a party at Mrs. Sand's, in Sanford, one bitter cold night, I chanced to be alone with Nellie Wells one moment in an upper chamber, which was used as a cloak room for the lady's guests. There was a furious fire in the stove, and its sides were red hot. Nelly was a very pretty girl, but rather dull. She wore a dress of some gauzy fabric, and going near the stove, it took fire; I ran out of the room screaming at the top of my breath:

"Mr. Harrison! Mr. Harrison!! Oh, Mr. Harrison!!!"

He came quickly into the hall; saw me; was up the stairway with a bound; and as I was returning back into the room, he went past me, pushing me aside rather rudely, and took in all with a quick, cool glance. Nellie had hauled a quilt from a bed that was in the room, and was trying to stifle the flames. He threw her on the floor, rolled her over and over in the quilt like a mummy, and extinguished the flames at once—hugged her, too.

She was not badly burned, after all, and her face not touched by the flames, so that she remained as pretty as ever.

"Remarkably sensible girl," said Mr. Harrison, afterwards, to a group that clustered about him in the parlor. "Most girls would have rushed headlong into the hall, screaming like"—he looked at me—"like mad," he added, with a quiet smile. "If ever I marry," said he, "which I probably never shall, I shall marry a sensible woman, who would not get up a scream if your youngest should fall into a tub of hot water, but would pull the child out as quickly as possible, and send for a doctor."

Somehow, I was vain enough to think this sarcastic speech was intended solely to rebuke me. I knew I should scream in such a case. It was my nature to scream, and how could I help my nature.

As for that poor Nellie Wells, I hated her, and almost wished that it had been my own dress that had caught—only I should certainly have burned to death before Mr. Harrison could have come and wrapped me in a quilt and hugged me.

From that day forward, some overpowering influence was at work upon me. I struggled hard after that cool manner in danger which Mr. Harrison possessed in so eminent a degree. I even ventured, in the pursuit of perfection, to ask how he would do it.

"I suppose," said he, "it is because I naturally have such an extreme terror of danger in every shape—such a lively sympathy with those in peril—that I feel very strongly the necessity for being calm when others are excited. I think that whatever excuse a lady may have for losing her wits—and that is, at best, very little—a man has no excuse whatever. I always try to keep my wits about me."

"To be calm, then," said I, with the withering irony common to girls of from fourteen to eighteen, "one only needs to have his wits about him."

"Exactly," said he; "or, to change the sex, her wits about her."

"Just so," I added; "the secret of wealth is to get money."

"And to keep it," said he.

On one thing I was fully determined—he should never hear me scream again. However, he left the school soon after; and I did likewise in about six months. I had effected a great change in myself before I met him again.

—

It was in the summer of the year which saw me pass my twentieth birthday, that we met at Niagara Falls. He was there with his cousin, my dear friend Belle Harrison, and I with my sister and mother.

On a certain day we were all taking a walk on Goat Island, when mother dropped her parasol, and it slid down the bank some fifteen or twenty feet, out of reach. Mr. Harrison descended the bank after it; but though he used proper caution, his foot slipped on the treacherous soil, as he was returning, and he slid very rapidly down to the very edge of the precipice.

I expected nothing else but to see him go over and be dashed to pieces on the rocks a hundred feet below; but though the three other ladies screamed loudly, I did not. You see, I was pretty thoroughly drilled by this time. However, as Mr. Harrison neared the edge of the precipice, he threw out his right hand—still holding the parasol with his left—and seized the upturned roots of a tree which leaned over the chasm. The tree shook violently under the sudden shock, and the roots began to tear themselves out of the thin soil slowly and steadily, under the influence of this superadded weight. In a few minutes more it would give way, and then Mr. Harrison would be killed. I knew my face was pale, and I was terribly frightened; but I leaned forward and spoke to him:—"Tell me what to do."

"Take all the ladies' shawls, skirts, and any other articles of dress that you can spare and which are strong; cut them in wide, strong strips; tie them firmly together and make a rope."

I obeyed as calmly as I knew he would have done, but none the less expeditiously on that account, be very sure. He continued speaking at intervals while I was doing his bidding, and spoke deliberately as if he stood in safety by my side.

"Your calmness is quite charming, Miss Monroe," said he. "Be sure and make the knots tight. I judge that this tree may be relied on with perfect confidence for ten minutes yet. Your rope is long enough now, I think. Tie a stone to the end. That's all. All right now. Do nothing but hold fast and stand still, ladies, and I will come up to you."

He drew himself up hand over hand, with extreme caution, and was saved.—My mother's parasol was restored to her with a courtly bow, and he brushed the dust from his clothes and walked away with us. I walked by his side, but he made no reference to the perils through which he had just passed.

That evening, however, as we sat on the piazza of our hotel, where it overlooks the river—how well I remember the rushing sound of the waters down below, he said:

"We are alone now, Miss Monroe, and I can thank you for saving my life, without offense to the other ladies."

It was too dark out there for him to see the blush of delight that went over my face at these words. How much they meant to me!

"I knew I was as good as saved," said he, "when I saw you standing with tightly clasped hand and your under lip pressed by your shining teeth, while Belle and the other ladies were trying to drown the roar of old Niagara with their shrieks. I never saw one of your sex before who had the control over herself which you manifested to-day. If I had seen such an exhibition anywhere, it would have awakened my admiration; but when it happened to be an exhibition in which my own life or death was concerned, you may imagine my feelings."

The tone in which he uttered these words was so tender and true!—it said so plainly that he would devote all his future to me? But, though tone and manner said this, his words did not say it; and I knew the reason. He believed me already betrothed.

William Willis was the son of a New York merchant, who had been a schoolmate of my father. It was my father's wish that we should be married. I loved my father, and was anxious to be pleased with his friend's son. Young Willis had been a frequent guest with us, and many considered us already betrothed. He was an agreeable companion in the parlor—a good dancer, and all that; but I cared more for one look of Joseph Harrison's earnest, honest gray eyes than I did for William Willis' whole composition.

According to a previous appointment, Mr. Willis came to the Falls during our stay. He arrived on the evening of the day that witnessed Mr. Harrison's narrow escape from death. He came out upon the piazza where we sat that evening; we shook hands. The gentlemen were slightly acquainted, but it was plain Mr. Harrison did not like Mr. Willis much, and with playful "Ich muss wegehen" to me, he rose and went into the ball room, very politely offering his seat to Mr. Willis.

Several days passed. While actually in the position of a rival toward Mr. Willis, Mr. Harrison by no means permitted himself to act as if he were such. He was very courteous to Mr. Willis, and quietly yielded all preferences to me and my society. He seemed, however, to be studying us—trying to form a conclusion as to the probable extent of our relations matrimonially speaking.

Oh, it did seem to me that he might—so brave a man as he was—plainly put a few questions to me on the subject! I would have quickly told him how little Mr. Willis was to me.

At last, I had nearly made up my mind to the performance of a desperate thing—nothing less, indeed, than to seek the intercession of his cousin, my friend Belle, in my behalf. But I neglected to let the deed go with the purpose just one day too long.

It was a Monday—the last day of our intended stay at the Falls. Mr. Willis invited me to ride. I had no courteous refusal at hand, so I consented to go with him. Indeed, I had half promised him some days before.

I did not much like the manner in which the horse, a fiery, vicious animal, laid back his ears and bounded away on starting; but I said nothing. We had not been riding many minutes when the animal chose to take fright at the flapping of a line of newly washed clothing, and taking the bit in his teeth, he ran away. Our road lay along the bank of the river—safe enough for a horse under control, but fearfully dangerous for a runaway, for a half mile ahead was a bend in the road where the chances were great that we should be thrown over a precipice and killed. At the rate we were going, we would reach the dangerous place soon.

William Willis looked ahead and comprehended the danger. His face blanched.

"Good God!" he cried, "it's death!"

With that, he threw up the reins and jumped out of the buggy—striking a rock and breaking his collar bone, as I found afterward.

As for me, I kept my seat. If it should become necessary for me to jump, then I would jump; but I was determined not to take that venture till it was imperatively demanded, by the imminency of danger at hand. So long as there was a possibility that the progress of the horse might be arrested, I held to that hope; because, when a horse is running furiously down a smooth road, there is no choice about jumping spots till the crisis is at hand.

While I sat, clinging firmly to the seat, and looking out ahead, for the dangerous place must now be drawing near, a man—it was Mr. Harrison—sprang with astonishing agility at the horse's head, from among some trees at the roadside, caught the bit, and jerked it back, and out of the horse's teeth, and actually tore the animal's lips, so that blood flowed, so energetic was the action. There was no resisting the iron will, backed by the iron nerve. The runaway came to a stop. Mr. Harrison drew him to the side of the road, and examined the harness and buggy very carefully.

"Nothing broken," said he. "A very narrow escape, Miss Monroe. I saw you coming, and had just time to get my wits in order. There, dont thank me; I didn't know it was you, and should have done just the same for any one else."

"But you are hurt?" said I, noticing that he limped.

"Yes, the horse trod on my foot."

"Oh, how unfortunate. Shall I get out?"

"No," said he, "that is, it is unnecessary that you should. Sit still and get rested. He will run no more to-day, I promise you."

He came around and placed his lamed foot carelessly on a wheel of the buggy, and spoke in his usual calm tone:

"When a horse has had a fine, lively run like that, he is inclined to be quiet for the rest of the day. You can drive him back in perfect safety. But I did not know you were fond of taking drives all alone by yourself, Miss Monroe."

"I was not riding alone," said I, "my driver jumped out."

"And left you," said he, astonished.

"Yes."

"He ought to be horsewhipped. May I ask the coward's name?"

"His name is William Willis," said I.

Mr. Harrison started, amazed.

"Willis? I beg your pardon, Miss Monroe." This very coldly, "I should not have spoken in those terms if I had known that your companion was your—." He stopped and bit his lip.

"My affiance," you would say, I made quick response. "But he is not my affiance, Mr. Harrison. I would sooner marry a woman than such a coward."

I spoke with some heat, and he looked at my excited face with his dry smile.

"Will you marry me, Miss Monroe?"

"Yes," said I.

And I did.

It was a queer place for a proposal, was it not? But my husband is not like other men. He always has his wits about him.

John W. Steele.

The old adage that "a fool and his money are soon parted" is aptly illustrated in the personal history of John W. Steele, the one-time petroleum millionaire:

In 1864 Widow M'Clintock died from the effects of burns received while kindling a fire with crude oil. At this time the average daily income from the landed interest of the farm was $2,000, and by her will the property, with all her possessions in money, was left, without reservation, to her adopted son, John W. Steele, then about twenty years of age.—In the iron safe where the old lady kept her money were found $150,000, two-thirds of the amount in greenbacks and the balance in gold. Mrs. M'Clintock was hardly cold in her coffin before young Steele, who appears to have had nothing naturally vicious in his composition, was surrounded by a set of vampyres, who clung to him as long as he had a dollar remaining. The young millionaire's head was evidently turned by his good fortune, as has been that of many an older man who made his "pile in oil," and he was of the impression that his money would accumulate too rapidly unless it was actually thrown away, and throw it away he did. Many of the stories concerning his career in New York and Philadelphia savor strongly of fiction, and would not be credited were they not so well authenticated. Wine, women, horses, faro and general debauchery soon made a wreck of that princely fortune, and in twenty months Johnny Steele squandered two millions of dollars. Hon. John Morrissey, M. C., "went through" him at faro to the amount of $100,000 in two nights; he bought high-priced turnouts, and after driving them an hour or two gave them away; equipped a large minstrel troupe and presented each member with a diamond pin and ring, and kept about him besides, two or three men who were robbing him day after day. He is now filling the honorable position of doorkeeper for Skif & Gaylord's minstrels, the company he organized, and is, to use a very expressive but not strictly classical phrase, completely "played out."

The wealth obtained by those who worked so assiduously to effect Steele's ruin gave little permanent benefit to its possessors. The person most brazen and chiefly instrumental in bringing about the present state of affairs was the notorious Seth Slocum, who hung around Oil City several weeks last summer. He was worth at one time over $100,000, which he had "captured" from Steele and laid aside for a rainy day, but when the latter's money vanished, this amount soon took unto itself wings, and he is at present known among his old associates as a "dead beat." At last accounts, Slocum was incarcerated in the jail of a neighboring county for various breaches of the peace, and was unable to obtain bail in the sum of $500.

—A Washington correspondent tells a story of a Congressman who asked another the name of a book the latter had under his arm. "Rousseau's Confessions," was the reply. "Confessions! What did the d—d fool confess for? The House passed a vote of censure on him, and could do no more." "Oh, that ain't the Rousseau. This is a man that lived in France a hundred years ago, or more. Haven't you ever heard of him?" "No. I thought you meant the fellow from Kentucky."—If the inquisitive Congressman continues to keep as well posted, he will probably think that Johnson's "Rambler" means either our President's stumping tour last fall or his last veto message, which commences at the District of Columbia and goes all over the United States.

—The Memphis *Post* says: "The great philosopher, 'the immortal J. N.,' sometimes meets landlords who bring the 'pressure' upon him. He tells of one who gently reminded him that his bill was three dollars, but out of consideration of his being 'a martyr to the truth,' agreed to throw off one-half. 'The immortal' promptly 'lifted the veil' by assuring the landlord that he could not be outdone in generosity, and that he would meet him half way and throw off the other half, and call the bill square."

—Baron Adolphe Charles de Rothschild, who presided over the Naples branch of the [illegible]thschilds' banking firm, has retired [illegible] ness with a fortune of $10,000,000.